

For the Christian Spiritualist,  
**INCOMING AGE---ITS SIGNS AND  
CHARACTERISTICS.**

the decline of the outward forms in which the Christian Faith was once embodied and fully represented,—for the full and complete life of a true Christ-life upon earth has never been enjoyed or lived by any church or nation—because of a new unfolding from the sources of life, and the sway of the Roman arms binding the world in one compact civilization the East and West, uniting under the same broad banner,—with her miracles of art and Palestine, and the prophecies and divine mediation, was a new preparation for the advent of the Christ of Peace; so the discoveries of modern science, the new conquest of the world by arts and sciences, and the establishment of society in this new sphere, upon a more genuine basis of brotherhood and equality, are introductory to the present of inspiring wisdom from above,—the Second Advent or divine-Spiritual reign of Christ on earth. It is not necessary to enlarge upon the subject, though illustrations crowd upon us from every side. We feel the new life within us as the Spring feels the swelling of the buds in her teeming bosom. The dawn of the dawning Era hovers like a brooding mother over the New World, and the expanded intellect throbbing heart and quickened organism thrill together with unwonted emotion. We now consider a few of the characteristics of this coming Age. In the childhood of the New Revelation was necessarily objective; as the infant mind even now must be taught by outward and sensible demonstrations. In the Eden of the world, the newborn child Humanity was clothed by the Father's hand, and instructed in words and symbol; suited to his state of innocence and bliss. As he wandered downward from the Garden of Morning Land, the Divine Parent was faithful, though veiled from his outward sight in the infancy of the Christian Church, the Teacher again appears to re-affirm and establish in the external plane of life the immortality of the ancient Word. By precept and example, by heavenly instructions veiled in parables and symbols, he recalled the bewildered child from his wanderings; and set him again in the truth of life with his eye fixed upon the heavenly luminaries and now when that light has become well secured, shut out by corrupt organizations and piled up beneath the rubbish of human traditions we behold a new opening of the heavens and the inward voice of the Lord walking in the garden of the cool of the evening; no angel-youth in the form is sent to lead man from the Sodom of the present; no Second Advent of the Divine into the natural world is beheld coming in the clouds of heaven. There is similitude and analogy, but nothing of routine in the Divine mission. God multiplies, but does not repeat. He unfolds to perfection that which he once created, blessing with perpetual life the children of his care. What then is the meaning of this herald of the new day? It is the

self to his own consciousness, we are far from maintaining that his present imperfect state is a test of the truth or falsity of all views that can be presented to his mind, or that, as of himself, he can discern divine illumination, amid the glitter and glare of false and phosphorescent lights; but still, "There is a Spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almightiness giveth him understanding." It is only as man relies not upon his own wisdom, but upon divine aid and guidance that he knows anything aright of interior and heavenly things. Nevertheless, God operates through the unfolded faculties of the human spirit, and every man has his speciality, his 'gift,' or endowment by which he receives illuminations.

Seeing, then, that this is the age of the development of the spirituality of man's nature, what more suitable method for this universal unfolding than through these Spiritual Manifestations? They meet man upon every plane. They come not to one but to all. Every variety of the human race is represented in the Spiritual world. Since, at the dissolution of the body, man comes in the very essential of his life—the inmost of his love and aspiration, it is manifest that spirits operating directly and consciously upon men in the external, must stimulate as never before the benumbed faculties of the human mind—quicken the latent germs of thought and emotion, as the spring rains and summer's sun swell and draw forth each plant and flower, long covered beneath the winter's snow. And as God is the inmost source and vital cause of every great movement that affects the race, rolling on new world's in their orbits, and humanity to the goal of its perfection—unfolding universes from his thought, and each infant and struggling spirit, according to the order and harmony of His own divine nature, it follows, that though discordant spirits in the interior or uncultured and misdirected minds in the external, may, for a while, pervert or impede the full and beneficial effects of this great awakening; yet in its progress, the manifestation must partake more and more of the character of its great and efficient Source. The channels may be impure or imperfect; but if the fountain be clear and unobscured, the current will cleanse the courses through which it flows, and whatever withstands, must, in the end, be worn away.

Man corrupts and destroys; God sanctifies and perfects, the instruments he uses—regenerating and renewing all from his own essential life. Men and misguided spirits may teach the false progression of a developed selfhood, but Wisdom discloses the true path of a Divine Unfolding. Material science and pretended knowledge may puff with a vain conceit; but charity buildeth in the depths of the human spirit a temple that shall never be destroyed. Human teachers often vainly strive to impress their own ideas and loftiest conceptions upon other minds; but the Divine spirit, operating from within, renews and recreates man after that archetypal image in whose similitude each was fashioned according to the perfect conceptions of the Infinite Consciousness. For we believe, with the author of the *Lyrical of the Golden Age*—

"Whate'er is, in God hath its subsistence;  
Whate'er shall be, flows from Him alone.  
Angels are Mediums of the one Existence,  
Alone, yet in all souls, He builds his throne,  
Solemn and vast, His inspirations pealing—  
Through the Cathedral arches of the breast;  
Heavens upon heavens, of infinite pure feeling,  
Create in man's interiors, God-possessed.

Man is that 'shrine, most Catholic and holy;'  
Man is that awful palace-hall of God,  
Whose inmost forms are consecrated wholly  
In those bright world's where evil hath not trod."

HESPERUS.

From the California Pioneer.

**THE ODIC FORCE.\***

BY C. T. HOPKINS.

In our first article in review of Von Reichenbach, we gave a brief account of the discovery of the Odic force, and related a few of the experiments, instituted for the purpose of determining its various characteristics. Want of space prevented our noticing several important chapters of the book before us, involving the subjects of Terrestrial Odism, of Dualism in the phenomena, of the effects of sunlight and food in charging the human body with Odic force, and of the medical application of Odism. We propose to follow up the discoveries of the Baron in several of these minor matters, which, though not the first to have attracted his attention, are certainly not the last to interest and instruct the reader. We shall first examine the effect of the odism of the earth upon the nervous system.

"Mr. Schuh, in his present dwelling, had the strange custom of regularly turning round in bed when he woke early in the morning—that is, he placed his head where his feet had been during the night—after which, he always went to sleep again. This sleep was always more refreshing than all the preceding night's sleep, contrary to the general rule, according to which, the earlier sleep, especially that before midnight, is the most strengthening. When he had not this after-sleep, he felt weaker all day; and thus his strange custom had for a long time been a necessity to him. I inquired about the position of the bed, and learned that the head was turned toward the south, and the foot toward the north. By my advice, he assumed the opposite position, when he went to bed at night—that is, with the head to the north, and the feet to the south. From this day forward, he never found the morning after-sleep necessary; the sleep was good and strengthening; and he thenceforward gave up that custom." (p. 94.)

A surgeon by name Schmidt, had received a chill in the right arm on a railway journey, and

\*Physico Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization and Chemistry in their relations to vital Force. By Baron Charles Von Reichenbach. Edited by John Ashburner

omitted wholly in the work before us, the immensely interesting question of the connection between the abnormal condition of the nerves and the pain, produced by charging the system with formic acid, and the ideas developed from the mind, while under the influence. The fundamental idea of the intervention of disembodied mind, which is aimed as the basis of the American school of Spiritualists, is of course scouted at by physicists in general, and by those of the German school in particular; but in the present researches, while we were a tedious and almost unreadable reiteration of experiments upon the purely physical and comparative trivial phenomena of Odic lights and forces, we have not a word of the metaphysical. The psychology of the subject is wholly ignored. Satisfactory as are the Baron's discoveries, so far as they go, they do not go far enough. He has acquiesced in ghost-seeing on natural principles, but has not explained table-moving and rapping on natural principles. Nevertheless, his work is suggestive. He has shown us the force, which, on further investigation, will doubtless be found either to account for the facts asserted by the Spiritualists, as well as for many other so called miracles, claimed also by revolvers, on fixed physical principles, or to be open to our admiring gaze an avenue to the worlds beyond the grave, where all may travel, and where science and theology, so long irreconcilable, may pursue hand in hand the investigation of these truths, which both have claimed from time immemorial as their own, solely and exclusively.

This subject is one of such vast consequence to the world, that we hardly dare approach it. On the other hand, the researches of science have never yet been able, throughout all the vast domains of natural knowledge, nor in the hands of all the splendid intellects which have been devoted to their advancement, to discover the slightest trace of life in inorganic matter, separate from some form of organism. To the physiologist, the anatomist, the chemist, the astronomer, the geologist, the phrenologist, there is such thing as the *soul*. With them are no Spirits, no miracles, no revelations. They find the laws of creation eternal, immutable, unchanging. On the other hand, theology is older than the old science. Without a single scientific fact to commend its admission, or verify its existence, the great majority of mankind, from the earliest periods, have always believed in the immortality of the human spirit. A thousand religions, based on this universal faith in one common doctrine, have, each in its own sphere, commanded the obedience, and governed the daily acts of the majority of our race, everywhere and at all times. Constantly engaged in mutual persecutions, in successive revolutions, and unnumbered reformations, theologies have long striven to extinguish the growing flame, which seemed from the first to threaten a conflagration among their own combustible materials; but the strife has been in vain. Even the moral religion of Christianity, the purest of all religions, has been improved by the lights of physical illuminations; for however studiously the credit due to this source may be denied by interested parties, candid mind, familiar with history, can fail to see, that our only infallible source of knowledge, is that of Nature, as learned through our senses, and not the works of creation around us. What we learn from tradition and history, *may* be true. The only way for investigating the facts as related, has long been the true one. But what we learn from nature, *must* be true. Is a new theory proposed—a thousand enlightened minds are on the alert to test its truth. Is a new fact announced—as many investigators are instantly on the spot to verify or deny. Science asks no faith, in announcements or theories utterly beyond the pale of universal and present research. To those, who seek for knowledge, she gives but one direction. — "The telescope in your own hands, the stars are visible to you as well as to me. The laws of light change not, nor differ with different eyes. Look for yourself. You can see all that I have seen!"

The question, "Have science and theology unity?" is now fairly before the world. We cannot but look upon its decision as fraught with greater consequence to our race, than any other that has ever been placed before the human reason. Yet we are not to be awe-struck by the momentous results which will follow our judgment in the premises. Science knows no reverence; for reverence is a prejudice. Doubtless there are men learned in the book of nature—men of large reason, and active understanding; men who know their liability to err from the interference of their feelings with their judgments, who are now, unbeknown to the world, deeply engaged in the analysis of this question.—Let us await their decision with patience. Till the German student shall come forth from his laboratory with a lifelong labor condensed into one little volume of concentrated truth, let us abide, content to know that "there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

But we return to our subject. As before observed, the polarity of the Odic force, that is to say its division into positive and negative qualities, is found to prevail universally. The distinction is founded on the apparent warmth or cold produced by various bodies upon the nerves of the sensitive. This sunlight causes a cold sensation; in the shade is Od positive. Moonlight, and other reflected lights, gave a warm feeling, and are therefore Od negative. Fire acts Od negatively. The right hand and side of the human body are negative; the left is positive. Positive electricity is Od positive.—Negative electricity is Od negative. Different plants give different sensations in this respect, as also the different parts of the same plant. Experiments on vegetation proved that—

where nature is least busy—where the growing activity is slackened, negativity prevails: where *proton* on shores itself—positivity. Thus the mid ribs, under face, and the lower part of the leaves, towards the stem, were always found more positive; while the upper face of the leaves, and towards the tip, were constantly more negative. Botany teaches us, and the leaf does not principally at the point, but toward the stem; and, in the perfect, very soon after it leaves out; while at the stem end, it continues to grow for a long time. The vegetative propulsion, before, soon ceases in front, but remains active and. Here then it appears, that it is in league the positivity of the imponderables—light, and Od, that creative nature erects her structure and when she gives up the field to negativity carries away life with her in her retreat.”—(199.)

The Odism of the earth is positive at the north and negative at the south. Remembering the patient, Miss Nowotny, as quoted on our page, found the position across the magnetic meridian, with her head to the west, the most agreeable of all, and that the crossing of the is produces painful sensations in weak subjects, reversing the natural current of the force, we may explain why Miss Nowotny experienced from the west-east position. It was because right or negative side was towards the negative of the earth, and her positive or left side to the positive, or north pole of the earth.—terrestrial Odism thus counteracted the natural polarity of the patient's system, producing the effects above described.

All animals produce a powerful Odic emanation, proportioned to their size, and the perfection of their nervous organization. And the different parts of the system manifest differences, not only in quantity, but also in the quantity of Odic power.—In man, the finger ends are the most active parts of the frame. The head ranks next in importance. From the shoulder to the tips of the fingers, the points of greatest irritability always lie on the inside, at the distal end of each joint.—There are consequently six places from the shoulder to the ends of the fingers, increasing in sensitivity downwards, viz: the lower ends of the upper of the fore arm, of the hand, and of each of the bone, always lying on the inside. On the outside there is no especially sensitive point. This accounts for the thrill which runs through the system from the embrace of an object of affection. The Odic current is at once set in motion from the hands to the oppositely Odic parts of the person embraced, occasioning in both a pleasurable sensation.

The lips and tongue are points of peculiar strength. They are Od negative. The sensitive parts of that they touch with the mouth with especial distinctness, in reference to its Odic value; and that of the mouths of the healthy, objects can be judged Odically more strongly than with the hands. This may account for the natural aversion to many persons to drinking from the glass used by that has just been used by another. Aligned negatively odised, it becomes repulsive to negatively mouths. We may now also understand another interesting matter.—“*The import of the lips.*” The lips form one of the foci of the *bio-dynamic*, the flames which the poets describe *do actually lie there.*”

We come now to one of the most important branches of this most interesting subject, viz: the influence of sunlight and food upon the amount of force developed in the human system. We have before explained, that the sun is an ever abundant source of Od, and that manifestations of force always accompany chemism. It has also been remarked, that respiration and digestion are eminently chemical operations, and apparently the fountain of Od in the vital organism. We shall be able to verify both of these discoveries in a thorough and unmistakable manner.

Beginning zero as the representative of the amount of Od perceived by a sensitive in the hand of the person at six o'clock in the morning,—the amount at daybreak, the force increased steadily with the rising sun, at a rate of about seven degrees per hour, until ten o'clock A. M., when he partook of his breakfast. After this meal it declined at the same rate, until three P. M., at which time he dined; this being his principal meal.—When he commenced eating, the force increased again at about eighteen degrees above zero, it continued to increase at the rate of eight degrees per hour, until sunset, when it had reached its height, at forty-three degrees above zero. From this point it rapidly diminished, and by eleven o'clock, had fallen to five degrees below the starting point. During the hours of sleep, from ten to four o'clock A. M., the force decreased to twenty degrees below zero. With the first glimmer of daylight it again began to rise, and at six o'clock

Many of our readers may remember, that some years ago it was announced by Liebig and other writers on the subject of vegetable chemistry, that an electrical apparatus had been invented, by which the rays of the sun were made to show its beneficial influence upon the growth of plants. These were to be connected by a metallic wire carried over the tops of the plants, and thus, a weak voltaic current was to be produced, which, it was asserted, would show its beneficial influence upon the growth of plants. These experiments were attempted in many places, but probably from inattention in regard to the north-south position of the rows, and the proper arrangements of the poles of the battery in reference to the coincidence of the current produced, with that of the earth's magnetism, they were not successful, and has been long cast aside, as of no practical benefit. In view of what we have already related, it seems in an arrangement of this kind ought to be easily accomplishable. If the rays of the sun are made to coincide with that of terrestrial magnetism, a new source of Odic force must add its quota to that, furnished by this natural current, and by the sun's rays; while a proportionate effect should be observed in the vigorous appearance of the vegetation. We can easily understand why the arrangement across the meridian, or in opposition to the flow of the earth's Odism, would neutralize the effects intended to be produced. (Continued on fourth page.)



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1855.

## SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S EXPLANATION.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the statements of this gentleman (to be found in another column), as few in reading them will not experience a feeling of surprise and disappointment, since the reputation and standing of Sir David in the world of Science and Literature, naturally tended to prepossess the mind in favor of a very different and superior explanation.

Few, however, would have expected anything better, had not Sir David seen the manifestations, and made his own report of these wonders, so general is the skepticism that characterizes the philosophy of the age. But when a mind competent to understand the analogies of Nature makes issue against its own judgment, by insisting on the most obvious interpretation which suspicion and skepticism could suggest, it is pretty evident education has enriched the head at the expense of the heart, and fitted the orner to preside over a Police Court, rather than officiate at the altar of Nature. We write this with full knowledge of its import and meaning, for it is near time the age had got rid of this educated nonsense, as it would not be tolerated much less be considered profound and scientific in any other department of investigation.

The imputation of trick, imposition, and "machinery," has been so long abandoned in this country by every intelligent and candid person, that its revival in England by Sir David, can only bring discredit to his judgment, and suggest doubts of his honesty.

This statement may seem severe, but it should be borne in mind, that besides the facts developed in the presence of, and testified to, by Sir David himself, that the phenomena has been before the age for near seven years—has been made the subject of debate, and the mediums subjected to committee examinations—and after all this, it has contained the so-called *wise*, while educating the simple.

It should be borne in mind also, that the testimony of men in this country as competent every way as Sir David, has been given in favor of the facts, they having passed to an investigation of causes, and are at this date busy in comparing phenomena. The imputation of *imposition*, therefore, is not only an attack on the moral character of the medium, but a tacit intimation, that all who may have favored the hypothesis of *Spiritism*, were hasty and unscientific in their judgments. And therefore this intellectual dogmatism and moral skepticism? Simply, because it is the *will* and *pleasure* of Sir David Brewster. In reference to the raising of the table "from the ground," he says:

"This result I do not pretend to explain; but rather than believe that Spirits made the noise, I will conjecture that the raps were produced either by Mr. Home's toes, which, as will be seen, were active on another occasion; or, as Dr. Schiff has shown, 'by the repeated displacement of the tendon of the *peroneus longus* muscle in the sheath in which it slides behind the external malleolus,' and rather than believe that Spirits raised the table, I will conjecture that it was done by the agency of Mr. Home's feet, which were always below it."

As both these theories have been popular in this country, and are now dead, because there was no virtue in them, it is not worth while to offer any remarks on them, nor attach any very serious importance to anything Sir David may say on the subject, until he rises above such "flat, stale and unprofitable" speculations.

## TESTIMONY TO BE DISPOSED OF.

Although there are few, if any *new* facts in the following, the testimony cannot fail of interest to the reader, be he for or against Spiritualism. Its author is a gentleman well known in the City of Boston, and respected alike for his ability as a lawyer, and his attainments as a historian, both proving him the worthy representative of a worthy sire—he being the son of the world-renowned Dr. Bowditch. The following is one of a series of articles, written by him, for the Boston Evening Transcript.

—Ed. CH. SPI.

ROBERT G. SHAW, Mr. Editor:—My last article closed with a brief allusion to the late R. G. Shaw, Esq. It is well known that before his death he became a convert to Spiritualism. While he showed his accustomed shrewdness in all business transactions, he yet implicitly believed that he had daily communications with deceased relatives, and derived from this belief the greatest satisfaction and consolation. That such a man should have arrived at such a result, would of itself imply that he must have witnessed phenomena that tended to justify it. These phenomena may, perhaps, be satisfactorily explained by another hypothesis. President Mahan has recently published a very able volume, having this object, in which he considers as incontestable the facts testified to by so many credible persons, and many of which he had himself witnessed.

Within the past year, circumstances led me to take much interest in this subject. Designedly omitting to read anything in relation to it, I determined to observe for myself. The use of a pencil to point at the letters of the alphabet having been suggested in some quarters as a source of unconscious error, (inasmuch as persons may involuntarily pause longer upon the right letter than upon others—a circumstance of which an intelligent medium might take advantage,) I latterly dispensed with it entirely, in the following manner: A printed card contained the letters of the alphabet in three lines of 8 letters each. I asked that the raps should be made 1, 2 or 3, for the line at which I was to look, and then, after a slight pause, that further raps should be made from 1 to 8, for the particular letter meant in that line. The effect was as if the particular letter had been called out *à la voix* without any instrumentality of my own.

I have in this way often obtained a series of pertinent and coherent answers to *mental* questions, without a single mistake, through a series of two hours. This demonstrated to my satisfaction that a power of thought-reading existed somewhere, residing in or proved by the agency which caused the raps, whatever that agency might be. Whether this is a mesmeric or a Spiritual manifestation, is the question discussed in Mr. Mahan's volume.—He adopts the former theory. Whatever may be the true explanation, the investigation is one of intense and absorbing interest.

As far as my own experience goes, the raps have always *purported* to come from the Spirits of deceased persons, in natural terms of relationship or endearment, and in their accustomed modes of expression; sometimes from persons long since dead, who had not been in my thoughts for years. I have never been able to get any as from *living* persons.—Mr. Mahan, however, has a mass of testimony to the contrary. These raps (as from particular

Spirits) I have always found marked by individual peculiarities signally appropriate, and identifying them from all others, by loudness or gentleness, rapidity or slowness, by their prolonged or abrupt character. One Spirit always announced himself by a creaking corkscrew rap on the leg of the table—thus distinguishing himself from all others by a marked characteristic as those which had made him pre-eminent among his fellow-men while living. I have sometimes said *mentally*—"Will all who have been present rap together?" and immediately there has ensued such a *tattoo* of all these various raps as was truly astonishing, the corkscrew being clearly noticeable above them all.

The mesmeric theory supposes that you get, as it were, a mere reflection of your own thoughts, belief, or wish—and in a vast majority of cases such is undoubtedly the fact; but the answers which I have obtained have been sometimes wholly unexpected. Thus, one day last winter, I was passing through Washington street, and inadvertently went along the sidewalk of a building from which persons were breaking off masses of ice and frozen snow. One of these masses fell, and hearing cries of warning, I shrank up close to the wall, and it just grazed my shoulder and elbow, and then shivered to pieces on the sidewalk. I felt that I had had a narrow escape from certain death. I was then on my way to Mr. Hayden's, where I went immediately. No one else was present. I said *mentally*, "What happened to me as I was coming here?" The alphabet spelled out—"You came near being killed?" "How?" "By a fall of ice from the roof of a house." "How did it happen that it did not fall upon me and kill me?" The Spirit purporting to respond was that of my father. The answer began, "I *prote*." I had supposed that it would state the act of mine which saved me; but when it began with these letters, I supposed it would be "I *prote* I don't know." The answer actually given was, "I *protected* you." "How?" "By slanting off the ice." This led to a series of questions and answers as to the power of Spirits over matter, &c., &c.

So, also, at a session, in company with a distinguished clergyman of this city, I asked of a certain "Spirit," purporting to be present, whether a certain other was there also. 1 rap, or no. "Can you get him?" 3 raps, or yes. "Do so, and as soon as he comes, both of you rap." In a few minutes their raps were heard accordingly. In the meantime another Spirit was communicating, and had just finished a sentence with the word "once." I remarked aloud to my friend, "You see it is all right except one letter." I then turned to communicate with the Spirit sent for. Immediately many raps were heard of the same faint and rapid character as those of my late correspondent. The medium said, "The one you have been communicating with wishes to say something more." Whereupon, resuming that communication, the alphabet spelled out "u," and then left off. I said, "Proceed." 1 rap, or no. I said, "Is that all?" 3 raps, or yes. I reflected for a moment, and exclaimed, "O, you mean that *u* is the right letter where I said one letter was wrong?" Immediately affirmative raps came several times repeated. I said, "Then rap backwards from the end of your communication, once for each letter, till you get to the wrong letter, and I will strike it out and substitute *u*." 5 raps then came, and I changed the *u* to *o*. I then said, "Is it now right?" and got the same cordial affirmative. When "*u* came, I had not the slightest idea that it was to be a correction of '*u*.'"

This exceptional class of cases is also discussed in Mr. Mahan's volume; but on the whole, I became satisfied that, although Mr. Shaw may have arrived at an erroneous conclusion, the *premises* upon which he acted were by no means a mere absurd delusion; but that he, like myself, had witnessed a mystery of nature worthy of the most careful and exact scientific investigation.

All my articles have been about *dead*, and perhaps this brief visit to the Spirit-*land* may be allowable as one of the series. You will, I trust, at any rate, excuse me for what you may, perhaps, regard as mere idle speculations unworthy even of a GLEANER.

## SPIRITUALISM IN TROY.

The hostile and antagonistic opposition which at one time characterized the feelings of many of the Trojans towards Spiritualism, seems to have given way, if the following from the Troy *Whig*, is a fair statement of fact. Its editor says: "We do not believe the greater portion of our citizens have any idea of the number of votaries the Spiritualist theory has in our midst. A gentleman whose word we regard as sufficient authority, for the assertion, estimates the number of sincere believers at 1,200.—These embrace many of our leading citizens—men of wealth and intellect, who deduct their belief from philosophical and liberal reasoning, and are by no means ready to be identified with the fanatics who are always ready to embrace any new theory."

The editor of the Saratoga *Daily Republican*, in his issue of November 9th, makes the following comments on the above, which, while they bear testimony to the truth and value of Spirit-intercourse and manifestation, are not over-complimentary to the Saratogians. He says: "No one need be surprised in regard to the facts stated above. 'Men of worth and intellect,' have but to investigate the 'Spiritualist theory,' to become convinced of the Spirit intercourse. The 'almighty dollar' is so worshipped in this village, and so many of our citizens are intent upon acquiring the gold which perishes, that no steps are taken here towards investigating the Spiritual phenomena, and hence, with us, Spiritualism is not a living, tangible faith. But in New-York, Albany, Troy, Syracuse, Buffalo, and almost in every portion of this State as well as throughout the Union, Spiritualism is becoming the faith of the masses, and, as a consequence, mankind are becoming better and happier."

## JUDGE EDMONDS' LECTURE.

The *Daily News* of Nov. 12th, in noticing the Judge's lecture, says:

"The Stuyvesant Institute was crowded with a brilliant audience to hear the address from Judge Edmonds on Spiritualism. The Judge commenced by saying that 'It is with deep emotions he felt himself again able to speak on a subject to which he had devoted so much of his time of late in investigating, and that he welcomed them to-night for the first time since his severe sickness.' He then explained what Spiritualism was and how rapidly it had spread through every part of the globe relating to the subject. He also said that Spiritualism did not consist in wearing long beards or quaint dresses, but it consisted in this world in being pure as the snow flake, and be urged all to become so."

As we were absent from the city on Sunday, we are unable to report progress further, but so many as we have seen, who heard the Judge's lecture, speak of it in the highest terms of praise.

LECTURE ON MENTAL FREEDOM.—T. D. Curtis, Esq., of Brooklyn, will lecture at the Spiritual Assembly Rooms, corner of Fourth and South Third Streets, Williamsburgh, (Brooklyn, E. D.) on Sunday evening, November 18, at 7-12 o'clock. Subject—*Mental Freedom*.

## BROTHER J. R. GAY'S EXPLANATION.

MONTVILLE, Nov. 6th, 1855.

BROTHER TOOEY:—Your explanation in the twenty-sixth number of the "*Christian Spiritualist*," in regard to the doctrine of a "*Universalism*," and its relation to "*Spiritualism*" is not only satisfactory, but very interesting and liberal. It truly affords me inconceivable pleasure to gather a glimpse of fraternal liberality, when the world seems lost in the mazes of party bickerings and the fogs of bigoted theologians. Indeed, I feel the warm glow of gushing friendship, where I can repeat the simple word "BROTHER," and not have my heart indignant, and strive to escape from beneath its hypocritical bondage. I feel, in your own language to repeat, that we wish our two simple "MAXIMS" an *Eternal Union*—yes, and I feel to say, "Let their practical application bring to our hearts the fraternal sympathy and love of a '*David*' and a '*Jonathan*.'" Brother, the field of Spiritualism demands in her laborers great wisdom, undaunted firmness, broad liberality of thought, and an abundance of patience and charity. There are many thoughts upon Spiritualism which we feel impressed to notice, but time at present forbids. "*Future Punishment*!" we will notice some time. Brother, lest some of the readers of your paper may attribute to me sentiments and opinions, discordant both to my belief and the system of philosophy I advocate, permit me to offer a few words in explanation, &c. I would not trouble you did I not think some reply was demanded of me, in relation to an editorial notice in your paper of the 27th October, under the caption of "*New Theory of Spiritualism, or Spiritualism Analyzed*." You say there that "*This theory is not new, as we remember to have heard nearly the same urged some years ago by the 'Advent Annihilationists*.'" It did not commend itself to us then, and cannot now, since the testimony of the Spirits is for Progress. It will be perceived here, that we are not only advocating an old theory, but an old exploded one, and that we are *Advent Annihilationists*. We are also represented as *non-progressionist*, &c. Now, Brother, do not think I entertain one unkind or unfriendly feeling towards you or your paper; and, with this assurance, you will bear with me when I tell you that you are mistaken in your opinions of me and the true Spiritual Philosophy I advocate. My impressions enable me to say to the world, without the fear of opposite showing, that the *foundation, premises and conclusions* of our "*NEW THEORY OF SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY*," was never urged in *Philosophical Harmony* before. With regard to the doctrine of the *Advent Annihilationists* we know nothing, never having seen them. Our impressions are, however, that they believe in the *annihilation of the Spirits of the wicked*. This is the opposite of our views and philosophy. Brother, where is the analogy of this with ours? "One Eternal Spirit, uncreated, without beginning of days or end of years, indestructible, imperishable. Immutability—unsuccessive eternity, &c."

The *non-progressionist* feature.—We are at some loss to know how Brother Tooley can charge us or our new Spiritual Philosophy with this feature, when it will be remembered that but a few months ago Brother T. published in his paper, under my signature, our views on this point, as follows: "*First—Our authority is DEITY and NATURE. Secondly—Their reflection manifested by the law of ANTAGONISM, or opposites, positive and negative force, &c., &c. Third—THEIR ENDING PROGRESS*." We do not charge Brother T. with any intention of misrepresenting us; perhaps its own want of powers to convey our sentiments. In conclusion, we would say to one and all: We ask neither profit or honor for our labors in the great Spiritual vineyard. Our theory, philosophy and doctrines, are the possessions of eternity; the unfoldings of *Wisdom, Truth and Love*, will discover their needfulness, and reveal their power. In love to all, good-bye for the present.

JEDEDIAH R. GAY.

REMARKS: Brevity, although a desirable virtue in editorial notices, is sometimes the cause of obscurity; which may convert what was intended for an explanation into a criticism. Such was the fact in the case referred to by Brother Gay, for, if we had added to the comment under consideration, the simple statement of difference between Brother Gay and the wording, and the estimates made by the Adventists, of the conditions or states, that make the parallels of antagonism—our comment would have been historical, not critical. For instance, Brother G., in speaking of the *positive and negative* conditions that enter into the "*Law of Antagonism*," commences with the following order:—

"Positive Condition, Negative Condition, Spiritual, Material, Life or Action, Death or Stillness."

Now substitute for the word "*stillness*" "*annihilation*," and the last parallel reads—

Life or Action, Death or Annihilation;

Which is according to the theory of the Adventist, and not very different to Brother G.'s philosophy, as it is somewhat difficult to conceive of a state of *stillness* in the Spirit world. Having made this explanation, it is unnecessary to say more, as we conceive it to be both *probable* and *possible* for Brother G. to elaborate the theory under consideration, without stealing another person's thunder. If Brother G. will explain how *stillness* can harmonize with *progress*, after having convinced himself it is not synonymous with *annihilation*, we should be pleased to give the same to our readers, as it may then be suggestive of a progressive philosophy.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

NO. XVIII.

NORWICH, Conn., Nov. 12, 1855.

BRO. TOOEY: Having concluded my labors in Willimantic, where I met with no remarkable cases of mediumship; I proceeded on Tuesday last to Lebanon, where I was most kindly received and entertained. I cannot say that I had any fixed abode while I stayed in this place, for many friends vied with each other in expressions of kindness and in hospitality. Amongst the number, I would mention Bro. Fuller, of Liberty Hill, and Bros. Doubleday and Styles, of Columbia, the adjoining town, at whose respective dwellings my three nights were spent. To mention either of these friends in particular, would be invidious, they all showed their feeling of brotherhood, in the most affectionate manner. Mrs. Doubleday is an examining and prescribing medium, she has wrought some remarkable cures in the neighborhood, but at present she is diffident and retiring. She has been in the habit of doing what she has done gratuitously, which I hope, those who may visit her in future, will not allow; let them remember that time is valuable, and that medicines cannot be compounded without expense, and after they have received of her that which they seek, let them reciprocate freely, for the laborer is worthy to receive the value of his labors. Her daughter is also a medium, but does not exercise her gift, because of the ridicule of her young companions.

I went on Thursday in company with Mrs. Styles, to see a lady, who has ever been a remarkable me-

dium for impressions, and has often seen the forms of the departed. She would be a very remarkable medium, were she to do the requisite conditions, but she is fearful of doing that which is wrong, not being entirely free from educational trammels. I had a long talk with her, and I hope, succeeded in showing her the importance of cultivating her mediumship for the good of others. Is it not marvelous that, the best and greatest gift of the All Father should be so widely rejected, and mankind should be content to dwell in darkness, when they are surrounded by so much light? How truly it has been said, "if the light that is in them be darkness, how great is that darkness." Let us continue to pray for fuller outpouring and manifestations of the Spirit, that those who sit in darkness, may be brought into the light, and let us not only pray, but labor, that this good may speedily come upon the children of men.

I lectured on Liberty Hill, (*I like the name*), in the Christian Church, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings to quite full and very attentive audiences, and on account of the wish of several, I prolonged my stay, and lectured again on the Friday evening, and with the blessings and good wishes of many, I took my departure at noon on Saturday, in company with Bro. Fuller and his lady, for Willimantic, from whence in the afternoon, I came with a straight course, to Norwich, where I was met by Bro. Ely Platt, with whom, by arrangement of the friends, I am now staying. On Saturday evening, we had a Circle, and on that occasion, I was pleased to meet with Mrs. Stewart, an excellent writing medium, &c., and Dr. Gay, of Mountville, Editor of the Star of the East. We had some rather interesting manifestations during the evening, amongst others, a young lady came under control of a Spirit calling itself Uncas, chief of the Mohegan Indians, and speaking in that which was supposed to be Indian language. On Sunday, I lectured three times in Uncas Hall, to quite large, and highly intellectual, and attentive audiences. It is said that a Spiritualist is remarkable for his beard, but if you had looked upon those audiences, I think you would have been struck by their lofty and expanded brows, where intellect appeared to set enthroned.

Again, after the close of the evening lecture, we held another Circle at Mrs. Platt's, at which the same persons or nearly so were present, with the addition, however, of Dr. Bulkley, and one or two others. A Spirit spoke through one of the Circle, giving a description of a condition of Spirit-life, which very much gratified those who were present. I find that Bro. Calvin Hall has left this neighborhood, and gone to Pawtucket, R. I., but his visit here will long be remembered amongst those whom he has blessed with restored health of body, not only his works of healing, but his alms and deeds, draw forth from many minds fervent blessings on his head.

I intend to-day to visit a few objects of interest in this neighborhood, and then shall proceed by afternoon train to New London, where I expect to lecture this evening. Farewell then, till another week.

Yours for Truth and Humanity,

JOHN MAYHEW.

## SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN LONDON.

We doubt not the following narrative of facts will interest all who have either a sympathetic or a speculative interest in Spiritualism, since many of the prudent in this country are waiting for the educated and profound minds of England to explain the mystery. To the *Spiritualist*, there is nothing new in the following manifestations, the same and more wonderful facts having been developed through the same medium, while in this country. This testimony, however, as it comes from the "other side of the water," may be instructive in more ways than one to that class who are ever talking about *psychology*, and explaining away evidence because certain minds can be impressed *biologically*. Doubtless there are those among us, as there was in the days of Jesus, "who, having eyes, see not," and ears, hear not; but these defects of character are organic, and relate to the mental and Spiritual, rather than to the biological department of Anthropology.

Few however will think of placing Lord Brougham or Sir David Brewster among the *biologized* or *deluded*, since their ability to discriminate between fact and fiction is too well known.

As the phenomena, therefore, is recognized to be real by competent judges, the question now may be considered as before the world—What is the cause of these manifestations? The opinion of Sir David Brewster, which follows this narrative, will be considered in another place.

We clip the following from "*The News of the World*," for October the 21st, which is a large weekly octavo, having a circulation of 2,853,000, according to its own statement.

The Editor says:—

A spirited discussion is going on in one of the daily papers with regard to some mysterious manifestations produced by a "medium" from America. The most remarkable thing in connection with these manifestations is, that Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster appear to have been puzzled by them, and a report went abroad that these two eminent philosophers believed in them. The report has been contradicted by both these personages, and the extracts of a letter from Sir David Brewster, which we have appended to the astounding statements we are about to quote, places upon record what Sir David really thinks of them:

THE DANCING TABLE AND MERRY BELL IN JERMYN STREET.

I went to a house in Jermy street, and introduced myself on the appointed evening to Mr. Home, who I found, was a modest intelligent youth, of about twenty, in ill health. My wife accompanied me, and I met in Mr. H.'s rooms three friends, all of them men of talent and integrity.—We were in a large upper room, rather bare of furniture; a sofa, a large round table, and a little buffet, together with a few chairs, were the fittings up. One of the party had brought with him a hand-bell and an accordion. We sat around the table, with the hands resting upon it. In a few minutes the table vibrated or shuddered, as though actuated from within; it then became still, and instantly every one of us shook in his chair, not violently, but intimately, and like a jelly, so that objects "dothored" before us. This effect ceased; and now the heavy table, with all our hands upon it, raised itself high up on its side, and rocked up and down; the raising proceeding from all different quarters, the medium and all the rest of us (excepting our hands and arms, which were necessarily moved), sitting death still. The lamp on the table seemed as if it must tumble off; but the medium assured us there was no danger of that—that it was held safely in its place. The hand-bell had been placed upon the wooden rim round the pedestal of the table, and it now began to ring, apparently under different parts of the circle. Mr. Home said that the Spirits were carrying it to one of the party, and suggested myself. I was sitting nearly opposite to him, at about three feet, distance. I

put my hand down under the margin of the table, and in perhaps a minute's time, I felt the tip of the bell poking up gently against the tips of my fingers, as if to say—"I am here, take me!" This palpitation of the bell continued until I moved my fingers up its side to grasp it. When I came to the handle, I slid my fingers on rapidly; and now every hand but my own being on the table, I distinctly felt the fingers, up to the palm of a hand, holding the bell. It was a soft, warm, fleshy, radiant, substantial hand, such as I should be glad to feel at the extremity of the friendship of my best friends! But I had no sooner grasped it momentarily, than it melted away, leaving me void, with the bell in my hand!!! I now held the bell lightly, with the clapper downwards, and while it remained perfectly still, I could plainly feel fingers ringing it by the clapper. The bell was carried under the table to each, and rung in the hand of each! The accordion was now placed beneath the table, and presently we heard it moving along.—Mr. Home put down his hand to the margin, and the instrument was given to him. With one hand upon the table, and with the other grasping the white wood at the bottom of the accordion, he held it bottom upwards, the keys hanging down over, and the instrument resting for support on his right knee. The accordion then played "Home, sweet home," and "God save the Queen," with a delicacy of tone which struck every one present. I never heard silence threaded with such silver lines. Afterwards in the same way, we were favored with "The Last Rose of Summer." The accordion was then taken to each member of the party in succession; we could hear it rattling on its way between our knees and the pedestal of the table; and in the hand of each person, a few notes, but no whole tunes were played!!! When in my own hand, I particularly noticed the great amount of force which was exerted by the player. It was difficult to hold the instrument from the strong downward pull, and had I not been somewhat prepared for this, the accordion would have fallen upon the floor. In the course of the evening we all felt either a finger, fingers, or a whole hand, placed upon our knees, always with a pleasant impression at the time. A white cambric handkerchief was drawn slowly under the table, and in the course of a few minutes handed to another person, tied in two knots, and put as a bouquet into the bell!!! And this experiment also was repeated for nearly all present. While these things were going on, rappings were heard in all parts of the room, in the table, in the floor, and the ceiling; and sometimes they were so loud, that the medium requested the Spirits to remember that he was only a *body*, and that these noises might disturb the people in the rooms above and below.—The medium fell into an apparently mesmeric trance, from which he addressed some good words of exhortation to each of us. The medium spoke, not as from himself, but as from the Spirit assembly which was present; and he ended with a courteous "Good night," from them.

## THE REASON WHY THE SPIRITS LIKE TO PLAY UNDER THE TABLE.

We asked the medium why the effects generally took place under the table, and not upon it. He said that in habituated circles the results were easily obtained above board, visibly to all, but that at a first sitting, it was not so. That skepticism was almost universal in men's intellects, and marred the forces at work; that the upper part of us, or the brain and senses, were more opposed to Spiritual truth than the vital, visceral, or instinctive part, which in this case is conveniently separated from the other by the table. I give his explanation, in my own words, for what it is worth.

THE SPIRITS ASK THE LIVING PEOPLE NOT TO GRASP THEIR HANDS.

It was perhaps a fortnight after this that Mr. Home came by invitation, to my own house, to sit in the circle of my family. Arrived in the drawing room, the "raps" immediately commenced in all parts of it, and were also heard in the back drawing room, which opens into the front by folding doors. The party assembled to constitute the "circle" consisted of Mr. Home, four children, my wife and myself, and two domestics. We sat round a large and heavy lute table, which occupied the centre of the room. In a minute or two the same inward thrill went through the table as I have described in the first *seance*; and the chairs also, as before, thrilled under us so vividly, that my youngest daughter jumped up from hers, exclaiming:—"Oh! Papa, there's a heart in my chair," which we all felt to be a correct expression of the sensation conveyed. From time to time the table manifested considerable movements, and after cracking, and apparently undulating in its place, with all our hands upon it, it suddenly rose from its place bodily some eight inches into the air, and floated wavering in the atmosphere, maintaining its position above the ground for half a minute, or while we slowly counted 29. Its oscillations during this time were very beautiful, reminding us all of a flat disc of deal on an agitated surface of water. It then descended as rapidly as it rose, and so nicely was the descent managed, that it met the floor with no noise, as though it would have scarcely broken an egg in its contact. Three times did it leave the floor of the room, and poise itself in mid air, always with similar phenomena. During these intervals, the medium was in a state of the complete muscular repose. The traveling of the hand-bell under the table was also repeated for every one present, and this time they all felt the hand, or hands, either upon their knees, or other portion of their limbs. I put my hand down as previously, and was regularly stroked on the back of it by a soft palpable arm as before. Nay, I distinctly felt the whole arm against mine, and once grasped the hand, but it melted as on the first occasion; and immediately a call was made for the alphabet, there being something to communicate. The "Spirits" now spelt out through Mr. Home, who had known nothing of what I had done under the table, "Do not grasp our hands." I asked why, and Mr. Home said that they had great difficulty in presenting, and thus rapidly incarnating these hands out of the vital atmospheres of those present, and that their work was spoilt, and had to be recommenced, when they were interfered with. During the *seance* I had the border of a white cambric handkerchief just appearing out of the side pocket of my paletot, which was open; and though I could see no agency, I felt something twitching at the handkerchief, and very gradually drawing it from my pocket! Simultaneously with this, my eldest daughter, who sat opposite to me, exclaimed, "Oh! I see phosphoric fingers at papa's pocket!" and now visibly to all the handkerchief was slowly pulled out, and drawn under the table; whilst, at the same time, I felt an arm that was doing it, but which was invisible to me!!! At this time, I was at least three feet from Mr. Home, with a person between us, and he was as distinct as ever I felt from a mortal limb, and that on my breast and arm, which were above the table; and yet, though the operation of abstracting my handkerchief was going on visibly to all, the rest of the circle, as well as myself (all except

my eldest daughter,) could see nothing. I can swear that there was no machinery, unless the skin, bone, muscle, and tendons of an unseen hand, forearm and elbow deserve the name.

## THE SPIRITS SHAKE HANDS WITH PEOPLE ROUND THE TABLE.

The next *seance* took place about the third week in July, at the house of a valued friend in Ealing. The party sat down to the table with Mr. Home in the dark of a fine evening, and were nine or ten in number. The first thing I remarked, was a gentle tremulous flash of light through the room, but what was the cause of it I am unable to determine. When we had sat a few minutes, I decided that gentle grasp of a large man's hand on my right knee, and I said to Mr. H., "There is a man's hand upon my knee." "Who is it?" he said. "How should I know?" was my reply. "Ask," said he. "But how shall I ask?" "Think of somebody," was his answer. I thought instantly of an intimate friend, once a Member of Parliament, and as much before the public as any man in his generation, and who died on the 30th of June last. And I said aloud, "Is it —?" Hearty affirmations slaps on the knee from the same hand, which had remained fixed till then, were the reply to my question. "I am glad to be again in the same room with you," said I. Again the same hearty greeting was repeated. "Are you better?" I inquired. A still more joyous succession of slaps. I said, if it is really you, will you shake hands with me? and I put my hand under the table, and now the same soft and capacious hand was placed in mine, and gave it a cordial shaking!!! In two or three minutes more, another hand, evidently also a man's, but small, thin, firm, and lively, was placed in the same position which the former had occupied; and after some preliminary questioning with Mr. Home, I said, "Is it Mr. —?" naming another valued friend, who, after 20 years of suffering, had departed this life. With *ledest finger tips*, the affirming hand came ed up and down my leg and upon my knee. I said, "I am glad to find you are so much better." The playful hand beat "yes" again. And this, in reply to renewed questions, for two or three minutes. Then I said, "Have you any communication for your wife, when I see her?" There was no response, and that agent there ceased to manifest himself. After another short pause, a totally different hand, a lady's, came to me, rested in my hand under the table, rubbed my hand, and allowed me leisure to examine its delicate, beautiful, and warmth-raying fingers. It was signified that it was Mrs. —, whom I had known in life, and who wished to greet me. Between and during what happened to myself, many of the rest of the circle were touched, and described their impressions much as I have described mine. Some merely had a single finger put upon the knees. Mr. Home said that the presenting Spirits could often make one finger where they could not make two, and two, where they could not form an entire hand; just as they could form a hand where they could not realize a whole human finger; and he also said that this was one reason why they did not show themselves aboveboard, because they did not like imperfect members to be seen!!!

## THE GHOSTLY HANDS AND ARMS.

The circle was broken up, and reconstituted, nine persons, to the best of my recollection, being arranged at the table. The table was placed opposite a window, and the bright moonbeams streamed down upon its side. There was no candle in the apartment. The space of table which fronted the window was not occupied by sitters. In a few minutes time, there emerged into sight above the rim of the table, in the vacant space, a delicate beautiful hand and part of the forearm, apparently of ghostly tenacity. As I was sitting exactly opposite the vacant space, I had a fair opportunity of watching this hand as it projected against the moonlight; it was a filmy looking woman's hand, with the fingers drooping forwards from left to right as I sat. The hand curved up over the table margin, deliberately grasped a hand-bell placed carrying it partly down, and let it drop upon the floor. It then rose to sight again, and took away a cambric handkerchief also placed near, which rested in two knots under the table, and presented it to one of the company, who had been strongly moved from the time that the hand was first seen. I bore to give the further details of this hand, because they seemed to be of a private nature, sufficient to say, that it caused no little emotion to a gentleman who seemed concerned. On its disappearance, another hand, large, strong, and with fingers extended, and pushed bolt up in the moonlight, rose above the table near to Mr. Home. He called out, "Oh! keep me from that hand! it is so cold. Do not let it touch me!" Shortly it also vanished, and a third hand was seen at the other side of the vacant table edge; this hand was in a glove. The presently a fourth hand ascended on the extreme left—a lady's hand, of beautiful proportions—traversed the entire vacant space from left to right, rising, and displaying the forearm; and then it neared Mr. Home, the entire arm. When it neared him, the hand was level with his forehead, which it laid its palm, and with its fingers resting on his hair back, and played upon his brow for half a minute. I was sitting next but one, and leant forward past my intermediate neighbor, at the same time requesting that if the hand belonged to my friend Mrs. —, it might also be laid on my forehead. This was deliberately done; and I felt a thrilling impression as the palm was laid flat upon my brow, where it remained for several seconds. It was warm as human, and made of material but softest flesh. During the interval, which I felt it had abundant opportunity of examining most closely the arm and forearm. The forearm sleeve appeared to be of white cambric, plain and neat, and it shone like biscuit-porcelain in the moonlight. The sleeve of the dress upon the arm was darker, but I do not remember the color. And bending over, as I did, to the vacant rim of the table, I saw how the arm terminated—presently in a graceful cascade of drapery; and as though an arm were put out through the peak of a snowy tent, the apex of which thus fell around the shoulder on every side. And now the Spirits spelt out "Good Night."

SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S ACCOUNT OF IT.

Both Lord Brougham and myself freely acknowledged that we were puzzled with Mr. Home's performances, and could not account for them. Neither of us pretend to be expounders of conundrums, whether verbal or mechanical; but, if we had been permitted to take a peep beneath the drapery of Mr. Cox's table, we should have been spared the mortification of this confession. At Mr. Cox's house, Mr. Home, Mr. Cox, Lord Brougham, and myself, sat down to a small table, Mr. Home having previously requested us to examine if there were any machinery about his person, an examination, however, which we declined to make. When our hands were upon the table noises were heard—rappings in abundance; and, finally, when we rose up the table actually rose, as appeared to me, from the ground. This result I do not pretend to



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 BY D. G. GARDNER.  
 Corner of Harrison Avenue and Beach-  
 BOSTON.  
 D. G. GARDNER.



From the Home Journal.  
**SPRIT LONGINGS.**  
BY A. DE B., OF NEW ORLEANS.  
When from Eden's blissful garden sinful Adam sorrowing  
turned,  
While his heart, with grief o'erladen, for the forfeit Eden  
yearned,  
Then, while everything around him aspect strange and  
dreary wore,  
Sounded in his ear the edict, "Man on earth shall rise no  
more!"  
Since that hour, like some pale exile wandering on a for-  
eign strand,  
Vainly longing, sadly pining for his own dear native land,  
Man is chained in vernal bondage to this world of doubt  
and fear,  
While his spirit, ever restless, seeks to find a nobler sphere.  
Thus the ardent painter dreameth of some brighter, angelic  
face,  
Which his brain forever haunts, but his pencil ne'er can  
trace;  
Forms of heavenly grace and beauty by his side unbidden  
stand,  
Mocking all his gayest colors, while they scorn his feeble  
hand.  
Thus the poet's glowing fancy, soaring far to realms un-  
known,  
Revels in a world of brightly-beaming beauty all its own;  
All its own, for what it seeth, in these dreams of dazzling  
light,  
Poet's tongue can never utter, poet's pen can never write.  
And the conqueror in his triumph, while before him mon-  
archs bow,  
While Fame's laurel chaplet presses on his flushed and  
throbbing brow,  
Weeps, unsatisfied with glory, casting hope and joy be-  
hind,  
When his bloody sword no longer hapless worlds to quell  
can find.  
Poet, painter, mighty warrior, howe'er great his fame may  
be,  
Man, with never-receding ardor, longs for immortality;  
All his pleasures, all his honors, mingled join with grief  
and pain,  
While his soul with weary longing pants a heaven to regain.

**"THE PRESENTMENT."**  
BY PAUL H. HAYNE.  
Over her face, so tender and meek,  
The light of a prophetic eye,  
That hath silvered the red of the rose on her cheek,  
And chastened the thought in her eyes.  
Beautiful eyes with an inward glance  
To the Spirit's mystical deep;  
Lost in the languid gleam of a trance,  
More solemn and saintly than sleep.  
It hints of a world which is alien and dim,  
Of a nature that loves between  
The discord of earth, and the seraphim's hymn,  
On the verge of the pallid—unseen.  
And forever and ever she seems to hear  
The voice of a chamber implore,  
"Come! enter the life that is noble, and clear:  
Come! grow to my heart once more."  
And forever and ever she mutely turns,  
From a mortal lover's sighs;  
And fainter the red of the rose-flush turns,  
And deeper the thought in her eyes.  
The seeds are warm of the churchyard flowers,  
That shall blossom about her rest,  
And the bird that shall sing by the old church tower,  
Is already fledged in its nest.  
And so, when a blander summer shall smile,  
On some eve of soft July,  
We will tend to the dust her beauty awhile,  
'Neath the hush of a moonless sky.  
And later still, shall the churchyard flowers  
Gleam high with a white increase;  
And a bird outpour, by the old church towers,  
A plaintive poem of peace.

(Continued from first page.)  
had reached the starting point, although the sub-  
ject of experiment was shut up in a darkened  
room. These experiments were tried repeatedly,  
and with various persons, but always with the  
same general result; the only differences discover-  
ed being in the relative increase and decrease of  
the right and left hands, or the positive and nega-  
tive poles of the system. The rule arrived at is—  
that hunger and fatigue reduce the quantity of oil  
in the vital frame, while sunlight and food increase  
it. An unusually hearty meal will produce a cor-  
responding Odic increase; fasting, an extraordinary  
depression. An exact correspondence was  
thus observed between the amount of Odic force  
and the well-known feelings of physical exaltation,  
produced by the elastic influences of the morning  
air, and by good nourishing food.  
From the experiments, made by examination of  
the hands only by sensitive persons, the Baron was  
led to extend his investigations to the variations  
exhibited by the head at different hours of the day  
and night. And here was observed a striking dif-  
ference between these different parts of the body.  
And here was observed a striking difference be-  
tween these different parts of the body. The head  
was ascertained to rise in the morning, in about  
the same ratio as the hands and sides; but it was  
far less affected by hunger. "The organs of the  
understanding appear to take less notice of the crude  
nutrient operations, than the matter-ruling hands."  
Nor was the difference thus discovered confined to  
the hands and head. The division of the brain in-  
to two grand sections viz: the *corbrum*, or seat of  
the intellectual and moral faculties, and the *cerel-  
lum* or *sensorium*, the center of the nervous or  
merely animal feelings, is well established and uni-  
versally recognized by physiologists and phrenolo-  
gists. The distinction between these divisions of  
the brain has been rendered by Von Reichenbach  
more plain than ever before. He tells us that "the  
fore and hinder parts of the head are more differ-  
ent, Odically, than the right and left sides of the  
brain. The forehead, in general, manifested cold;  
the back of the head, considerable heat. The fore-  
head of human beings became greatly excited in  
the morning with the dawning of the day, took but  
small share in the effects of hunger, and reached  
its culmination after sunset. During the whole of  
this time, the back of the head remained almost  
unchanged, so that at six o'clock in the evening it  
was exactly at the same place as at six o'clock in  
the morning. But then it suddenly rose, almost at  
the same time that the forehead commenced its re-  
trograde course. Thus while the back of the head  
continually rises until three A. M., the forehead  
falls incessantly about the same hour—the one to  
reach its upper, the other, its lower culmination,  
almost at the same moment. From this point again  
the opposite course commenced, and while after  
three o'clock the exalted back of the head fell rap-  
idly, toward four o'clock the deeply depressed  
forehead began in like manner to rise quickly.  
This motion is a representative of our waking  
and sleeping. The forehead represents the func-  
tions of waking life; the back of the head, of sleep.  
The forehead advances with increasing Odic ac-  
tivity from break of dawn until sunset; then it loses  
the Od-spring of the luminary of the day, and  
sinks incessantly from its high until the new day  
begins to break, when the sun force comes anew  
to rejoin it. The back of the head, on the con-  
trary, passes quietly through the whole day, almost  
without motion; but so soon as the sun has sunk  
below the horizon, the hour of its nightly labor has  
struck. Now arises Morpheus, and with rapid  
steps advances, until the first traces of the morn-  
ing light remind him that the forehead is on its way  
to free him from his work. The back of the head  
sinks from its greatest to its lowest elevation at  
the close of night, just as rapidly as the forehead  
sunk from its, at the close of day. Thus the two  
are not only opposed in polarity, but they are as  
diametrically opposed to each other in their opera-  
tions as are day and night, waking and sleeping."  
—(p. 211.)  
We see in this a striking analogy to the theory  
deduced by Mueller, from Physiological observa-

tions, viz: that digestion is the more active by day,  
and assimilation by night; and that whether sleep-  
ing or waking the vigor of our vital forces is un-  
diminished, however changed their course of action.  
Sleep is not a suspension of the vital functions; it  
is a mere alternation of physical action. The busi-  
ness of sleep is governed by the unconscious cere-  
bellum; while the conscious forehead resumes its  
waking labors only when the radiations of the sun  
have aroused and qualified it for renewed exertions.  
And here we should like to ask somebody else  
several big questions. Does this difference in the  
polarity of the brain arise from, or account for the  
conscious antagonism, which is felt by all well re-  
gulated minds, between the intellectual and sensu-  
ous faculties? Has it anything to do with the ten-  
dency to self-indulgence and excess, generally ex-  
perienced most strongly after night fall, when the  
reason or cerebrum experiences its decline, and the  
power of the cerebellum or passion is on the in-  
crease? Has it anything to do with the repent-  
ance, which the morning after a carouse brings  
with it? Is the alternate ascendancy of the op-  
posing Odic forces sufficient to account for dreams,  
and for the difference in character of those occur-  
ring in our first and last sleep? Are not the phe-  
nomena of somnambulism, sleep walking, mesmer-  
ism, mediumship, drunkenness and insanity, con-  
nected more or less with a corresponding abnormal  
condition of the Odic currents of the brain, occa-  
sioned by an abatement or change in the natural  
polarity, or by foreign or diseased accession of Od-  
ism? Cannot the magnet, the hand, and the crys-  
tal, be here introduced as remedial agents? Is *Od-  
ism identical with mind, or with life*? Is it the  
actual informing principle of all organized nature,  
commencing with the crystal, more highly devel-  
oped in the plant, more intense yet in animals, and  
manifesting its highest power in the most perfect  
organic structure—the brain of the human being?  
Or is it only an emanation from a still higher, and  
as yet unknown essence, from which, as from the  
electric and magnetic forces it is inseparable? Or  
is it, as the Spiritists assert, the element in which  
Spirits live, and move and have their being—the  
medium wherein mortals may mingle with them,  
and in their society ramble through the universe,  
mounting from knowledge to knowledge, and from  
principle to principle, until they reach the presence  
of the tremendous Creator himself! The mind can  
hardly grasp so immense an idea. Its sublimity  
appeals us. Its grandeur intoxicates us. It seems  
impossible that science hitherto purely material in  
all its researches, should have at last transcended  
its narrow limits, and acquired possession of a field  
so boundless, yet so fruitful. But let us not glory  
in anticipation. This triumph is yet to be achieved.  
Many heads must ache, many hearts must yearn,  
many years of patient toil must yet be endured,  
ere this last and crowning victory can perch upon  
our standard. Little did the ancient Greek know  
of the overwhelming import of these two little  
words, when he launched down the stream of  
time, that famous precept, "Know thyself." Did  
he know himself? Did our fathers know them-  
selves? Shall our children, to the end of time, be  
masters of their own secret organization?  
We proceed, in conclusion, to enumerate briefly  
the characteristics of the new force, in retrospect  
of what we have already stated, in order that those  
of our readers, who have not access to the volume  
of Von Reichenbach, and are employed in "Spirit"  
investigations, may be able to apply the principles  
of Odism to their own experiments. The sum-  
mary is condensed from that of the book before us,  
as given on pp. 220 to 227.  
1. Upon the majority of men and women the  
magnet produces no effect; but to nervous patients,  
nervous temperaments, and to all who are subject  
to mesmeric influences, its power is perceptible in  
some degree. About a quarter to a third of the  
race are affected by it.  
2. The perceptions of that influence present  
themselves to the two senses of feeling and sight.  
To the feeling, by a sensation of apparent coolness  
or heat, warmth; to the sight, by appearances of  
light, when the patients remain for a long time in  
deep obscurity.  
3. This influence is exerted, first, by the magnet;  
second, by terrestrial magnetism; third, by crystals;  
fourth, by heat; fifth, by electricity in all its  
forms; sixth, by light; seventh, by the rays of  
the sun, moon and stars; eighth, by chemistry;  
ninth, by vital organic force, both vegetable and  
animal; and tenth, by the total material world.  
4. This force, which is called Od, differs from  
magnetism in several respects: first it does not at-  
tract iron; second, bodies charged with it are not  
determined in particular directions by the terres-  
trial magnetism; third, they do not affect the sus-  
pended magnetic needle; fourth, they are not dis-  
turbed when suspended by the vicinity of an elec-  
tric current; fifth, they do not induce any galvanic  
current in metallic wires.  
5. Od is universally polar. Positive Od pro-  
duces coolness; negative warmth.  
6. In man, the whole right side of the body is  
negative; the whole left side is positive; the back  
of the head negative. There is no difference in the  
polarity of the sexes.  
7. The Odic force can be conducted in all bodies,  
to distances as yet unmeasured, with a facility pro-  
portioned to their density. Its conduction is effec-  
ted more slowly than that of electricity, but much  
more rapidly than that of heat.  
8. It can be transferred or charged upon one body  
by another. This is effected by contact. But mere  
approximation, without contact, is sufficient for this  
purpose, though the effect produced thereby is  
weaker.  
9. This transfer requires several minutes for its  
completion.  
10. The duration of the Odic charge is brief, dis-  
appearing in a few moments after the removal of  
the charging body.  
11. Human beings are luminous, almost all over  
the surface of their bodies, but especially on the  
hands, the points of the fingers, the eyes, different  
parts of the head, the nose, the stomach and toes.  
Flame-like streams of light, of relatively greatest  
intensity, flow from the points of all the fingers, in  
a straight direction from where they are stretched  
out.  
12. Electricity produces and strengthens the  
Odic phenomena in a high degree.  
12. The rays of the sun and moon charge with  
Od all bodies on which they fall.  
13. In the animal organism, night, sleep and  
hunger, diminish the Odic emissions; food, day-  
light and activity, increase them. In sleep, the  
focus of the activity is removed to different parts  
of the nervous system. Within the twenty-four  
hours of day and night, a periodical fluctuation of  
Od occurs in the human body.  
14. The Aurora Borealis is nothing more than  
the emanation of Odic light from the poles of the  
earth, occasioned by terrestrial magnetism.

**THE AGE AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS—ITS  
SPIRITUAL NEEDS AND NECESSITIES.**  
We continue the extracts\* from E. P. Hood's  
biography of Swedenborg, as they significantly  
point out the skeptical and materialistic state of  
philosophy and science in Europe, and show the  
necessity for a Spiritual religion and a rational the-  
ology. And what makes the following of special  
interest to the Spiritualist, is the fact, that Mr.  
Hood was induced to write this biography of the  
Swedish Seer, and call attention to his writings, in  
hopes the reading and thinking public might look  
in that direction for aid, and find rest to their  
souls. And in doing this, Mr. Hood has simply  
\*We are indebted for these extracts to the November is-  
sue of the *New Jerusalem Magazine*.

obeyed the dictates of good sense, since the reaction  
of Skepticism has commenced, and the voice of  
awakened consciousness and Spiritual life, bespeaks  
for Swedenborg a mission of use and beauty, in  
translating the old, and introducing the New dis-  
pensation.  
The following from *Life Illustrated*, will warrant  
this assumption, were there no other proof.  
"THE WRITINGS OF SWEDENBORG. Rev. Augustus  
Chilcote, M.A., a minister of the Church of  
England, has just given £8,000 to the Swedenborg  
Publishing Society, London, a society for printing  
and publishing the writings of Swedenborg. The  
same gentleman's sister has also endowed the same  
society with £25 a year for ever. General Count  
La Casas, the friend and associate of Napoleon at  
St. Helena, has recently left a considerable sum of  
money for the purpose of defraying the expenses  
of translating and publishing the works of Sweden-  
borg into French. A few admirers of Swedenborg  
in England have just sent subscriptions, to the  
amount of £1,500, to Dr. Tuffin, of the Tubingen  
University, to assist him in trans-  
lating and publishing the writings in German."  
This is a great concession in favor of Spiritualism,  
for few will persist in denying to Swedenborg, who  
knows the facts in the case, large and generous  
honor for his revelations and philosophy of the  
Spiritual world, whatever they may think of either  
as authority.  
When we speak of Spiritualism, we do not mean  
the partial development of our times; but the full  
and expanded Gospel, of which our manifestations  
are but the sign and the promise. Still the advent of  
Spiritualism, be it ever so elementary in philosophy  
must be considered of vast moment to the world's  
progress, since its facts stand out in bold relief  
from all theory, and demands of the physicist and  
the materialist an answer. In the meantime there  
are many who may need to learn of the diseased  
condition of Christendom, before they will see the  
need of, or feel like giving a full and friendly wel-  
come to Spiritualism. For all such, Mr. Hood's  
work would be a desirable instructor. We hope,  
therefore, some of our Swedenborgian friends will  
republish it in this country, for it may act as a  
mediator, and harmonize contending factions of the  
Spiritual family, by its moderate and discriminate  
philosophy.  
Mr. Hood, in speaking of the Bible, says:  
"It is the utterance of every possible experience  
of the church; it is the shrine to which the true  
pilgrims of every age have directed their steps;  
the focal fountain of light and heat, illuminating and  
regulating every moral latitude of humanity."  
"The utterance of every possible experience of  
the church, did we say? the shrine of the true pil-  
grim of every age? Or has humanity at last reached  
a stage of its history, a phase of its progress, where  
the Bible can avail it no more? . . . Certainly  
never before were man's questions in reference to  
his faith so universal, so long, so deep, so loud.—  
Outside of what would be called the visible church,  
there are thousands of earnest, faithful young  
hearts, exclaiming in agony and in bitterness,—  
'Who will show us any good?' They cannot, they  
will not, give body and soul to cold and dead for-  
malities; and the truth is, very few ministers or  
books understand their case, or have any sympathy  
with them. The poet has truly said:  
'There is more faith in honest doubts  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.'  
"It is an age of intense and vivid mental action;  
it is an age of knowledge, and thought, and induc-  
tion; an age in which men have surrendered their  
habits of primitive faith, and yet demand reasons  
that shall meet upon the proper region of faith—  
the world of the emotional and intuitional. Never  
before did man so long for 'the evidence of things  
not seen,' and never before did the road to the un-  
seen seem so impassable and steep. It is an age  
profoundly metaphysical and self-conscious; yet it  
is an age in which man is too impatient to examine  
his consciousness. The men of thought in this age  
have cast behind them traditional faith and tradi-  
tional worship. Historical faith, it is seen more  
clearly than ever, is no saving faith. The base of  
belief must be, not in our fathers' consciousness,  
but in our own; this is the infidelity of this age. It  
is not a sneering infidelity; it is mournful and hope-  
ful. Christian man! Christian minister! can you  
do anything for it, and with it? If you cannot,  
you had better leave it alone. Every time you at-  
tempt to reply to the infidelity to which you cannot  
reply, you pour new blood, fresh life, into your ad-  
versary. Your power to meet your skeptical friend  
depends on your occupancy of a reserved ground  
of argument and experience—a field he has never  
entered—a region over which he has never travel-  
led, and of which he did not even know the exist-  
ence. As long as he only sees you beckoning him  
to a continent round which he has coasted, he may  
say, 'I have been there; I found no rest for the  
sole of my foot there; I know that land better than  
you; I lost myself in the labyrinths and swamps.  
No! Yonder is not the promised land, and you, I  
see, cannot guide me to it.'  
"A philosophical verification of religious truth,  
then, is what the age loudly calls for; or, if the  
word philosophy displease you, then say, men want  
to see the religious life perfected by the presenta-  
tion to them of an object that shall supply a motive  
to their will, and an ideal that shall charm and  
captivate their understanding; and Christianity  
ever has done this. . . . The age of dogmatic  
theology—which, in fact, must be a dark age of do-  
gmatic nonsense, since theology can never be taught  
to me by man, but must be revealed in me by the  
teachings of the Divine Spirit—that age is gone by.  
It is an age of earnest Protestantism, far  
more so than the age of Luther or of Milton; and  
although much of our Protestantism is of a very  
questionable character, and perhaps means, in  
many instances, selfishness, it must have its way;  
the faithful man must aim to give it a faith against  
which it cannot protest.  
"An eminent writer has characterized our age  
under 'The everlasting No!'; and who, that has  
looked abroad, does not perceive that we are sur-  
rounded by negations? Truly, as it has been said,  
our faith is now not made up of the one or two  
things in which we do believe, but of the twenty or  
thirty things in which we do not believe. Oh! it  
is not awful that so many thousands now every  
day, to every question of import in infinite matters,  
are compelled to return an answer far too audible  
for doubt? No! God, man, Providence, immor-  
tality, Christianity—alas! to many of them the  
soul's rays a hollow No! . . . Yet man wants  
to believe. The sad fact is, that most of our teach-  
ers have not travelled so far as some of us, and  
therefore they cannot aid us; and others who have  
to help us, reveal to us the hollow eye, the hollow  
heart. We see that we are commanded to say  
Yes by those who are compelled to say No for them-  
selves; and why is this? It is because there is in  
this age more of that vague, idle self-contemplation  
than ever perhaps existed before.  
\*But to another aspect of the religious life of  
our times. There spreads over men's minds, to a  
larger extent than many persons have any concep-  
tion of in this age, a misty exhalation, huge and  
\*Tennyson.

vast, rainbow-tinted, but unsubstantial as a rain-  
bow—PANTHEISM. In the long run, man cannot  
escape from the consciousness of a Power above  
him; he cannot ignore the idea of Divinity; and  
he cannot create a polytheistic Pantheon; and for,  
strangely around him as he looks, more and more  
intently and deeply there appears the oneness of all  
things—everywhere all nature appears to be striv-  
ing to one model. Nature is one, awful as the  
sphinx of old, but lovely as the sphinx; and thus  
everywhere she looks out upon man as a beautiful  
Pantheon; and many musing minds walk on, and  
never recognize anything higher than this,—in  
all things, they greet the sympathetic kindred to  
self. Thus we hear of communion with the spirit  
of nature, the poetry of nature, the religion of na-  
ture. Man, it is said, must be a part of this uni-  
versal whole and round of things; else why is he  
touched by them? To nothing is he indifferent;  
all creations affect him by sympathy or antipathy  
he has something in common with all days and  
seasons; he is a Memnon, in whose breast the  
glories of sunbeam and starbeam, of clouds and  
storms, of winds and waters, of waving woods and  
grasses, the luxuriance of fruits and the radiance of  
flowers, awaken responses and echoes. He who is  
so touched by all must be a part of all, and all  
must be a part of him. God is not a personality.  
Paul knew this. Did he not quote with approba-  
tion the testimony of the pantheistic poet of old—  
'In Him we live and move and have our being?—  
'We are his offspring; we were produced from the  
bosom of the Great All; and to the same Great  
All, as the ancients believed, we shall at last re-  
turn. The writings of this day are deeply imbued  
with the spirit of this great fallacy—a fallacy, be-  
cause truth incomplete. The essays of Emerson,  
the writings of Carlyle, the poems of Bailey, the  
'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' many  
of the abstractions of the philosophical schoolmen,  
the dim and gleaming perceptions of the theosoph-  
ists—all have tended to confirm the mind of the  
age in this great fallacy. So also the attempt to  
build religion upon natural theology, and the evi-  
dence of design in the material creation; thus shut-  
ting up the understanding to the eye, and making  
it to be the gauge and test of spiritual things.  
"Wordsworth has been the poet of our maturest  
years, our consolation, our guide and instructor,  
and we feel for him a reverence too deep to admit  
of the utterance of any light or hasty reflection on  
his genius and teaching. We speak with hesita-  
tion, but yet with boldness, who shall say how  
much this pantheistic feeling has been nurtured and  
flattered by his writings, especially by the earlier  
and more miscellaneous poems? . . . The  
'Excursion' does not, indeed, at all lie open to the  
charge; but the earlier writings are bathed in the  
cold glory, and exalted with the grandeur, of the  
old Grecian mind. True in themselves, they were  
not cold, because they had passed as experiences  
through the poet's own mind, and sprang warm  
and living from his magnificent utterance; and  
they had the additional preservative, too, that they  
were not merely descriptive, but interfused with  
the life of English home-born joys and scenes,  
in a day when that life was simpler than it  
is at present. But the poetry of Wordsworth is a  
great hymn to Nature; it is a symphony of the  
soul between the surging of the sea, the chanting  
of the winds, the voice of birds, and the bleat of  
lambs:  
'He hears the echoes through the mountain throng;  
The winds come to him from the fields of sleep.'  
But there is no personality of God in all. We do  
not, for a second, imply that he did not hold most  
distinctly the divine personality and presence; but  
it was a conviction rather than an instinctive feeling  
He turned to Nature gladly—readily: she was to  
him the mighty mother; and her mists and beams,  
her mountain-torrents, and her sheltered inland  
lakes, were the great consolation and joy of his life.  
You perceive this in his 'Ode on the Intimations of  
Immortality,' and 'On the Power of Sounds,' both  
of them, perhaps, worthy of being placed at the head  
of English odes; you meet the feeling still more  
in the universally known and loved poem of 'Tintern  
Abbey.' With reverence and regret, we feel that  
in it Nature is all in all. . . . It is a magnifi-  
cent compliment to Pantheism.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
"The great initial letter in Swedenborg's theol-  
ogy, which has here a relation to the age, is the  
unity and personality of the Deity; it is a distinct  
personality, like that felt and figured by the great  
Hebrew prophets and seers. Sublime, indeed, are  
his teachings respecting the evidence of a Being,  
great and adorable above and beyond Nature, and  
from whom all Nature is, and has her existence.—  
The speculations of Oken, in which madness and  
magnificence so strangely blend and mingle; the  
self-producing generations of Lamarck; and the  
modern school of law-evolving hypothesis—had all  
been anticipated and passed in review before the  
Swedish theosophist. He did not believe that elec-  
tricity and magnetism constituted life; that Nature  
was a wild Walpurgis dance of globe and oblate  
spheroid—operating alike, from a clever disposition  
of the electric battery, in tears or dew-drops, in the  
blood of man, or in the life of worlds. Nature, said  
he, is dead. She derives her life from the fiery  
flakes of the sun; and the sun is dead. How can  
Nature dispense life to anything? Is she not alto-  
gether herself inert? It is madness, therefore, to be-  
lieve in the life of Nature, or the intelligence of Na-  
ture. What! can Nature regard uses as the end of  
her operations, or dispose such uses into their orders  
and forms? The old philosopher does not often  
sneer; but something very like one we can see  
above his lips as he puts the interrogation, Can  
Nature, through all her successive links, have a re-  
gard from the beginning to the end? . . . To  
him, to deny the Divine Godhead, and to believe  
in the Godhead of Nature, proves that the affec-  
tions are open to the sensual, but not to the Spiritu-  
al world.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
"I will listen to you in proportion as you can  
satisfy my questions. I think Swedenborg replies  
to a greater number of important questions than  
any other teacher whatever; nothing appears to  
have escaped him. Of all the systems in this  
world, modern infidelity is the most audacious, as  
we have always noted it. Infidelity! How shall  
we translate that word No! Ah! how little trouble  
it takes to say 'No: I do not believe: I will not  
believe,'—the everlasting No! And it is equally  
the word of the most painful consciousness, and  
the most careless indifference, and the most affect-  
ed nonchalance. For some forms of infidelity, we  
must have the most tender pity; for some, the  
most incurable contempt. For the infidelity yearn-  
ing for satisfaction, we believe the answer in the  
affirmative will come, and the void will be satisfied  
and filled.  
"But there is another phase of the philosophy  
and of philosophical scepticism in our day to which  
Swedenborg may be applied—namely, the positivism  
of science. This asserts that man begins with  
the theological or mythological, advances to the

metaphysical or casuistical, and terminates at last  
in the scientific or the known. This, it will be per-  
ceived, is a state beyond the pantheistic; it rejects  
all faith, and concerns itself only with the observed  
order of things. In this idea, all things are in the  
order of development; but beyond the present in  
this, man cannot pass. Science is the ultimate and  
final condition of knowledge. The soul is a form  
of matter; and immortality becomes impossible.—  
Now it surely is a circumstance of great note, that  
Swedenborg was himself acquainted with, and well  
and deeply grounded in, all the positive science of  
his day. He accepts all the conditions and demands  
of science, and builds on them as the ultimate prin-  
ciples out of which other degrees of knowledge and  
wisdom must flow. In many ways it may be illus-  
trated that his system furnishes us with the true  
positivism. He heralds the mechanical ages; he  
deprecates the intangible and indefinite; he appeals  
to facts, but to all facts—to the facts of conscious-  
ness and conviction, as much as to the ministration  
of the compasses or the telescope.  
"Swedenborg is a positive philosopher,  
and he has made theology positive. He is truly at  
the head of the positive or scientific school; but  
with him consciousness is a fact. He lays his finger  
not only on the seen and temporal, and calls  
that a fact, but he shows how it must be the drap-  
ery of the unseen and eternal, the spiritual and the  
celestial; and he advances to these, and shows  
that they are facts too. Hence Swedenborg is able  
to answer, as we have already said, many of the  
most interesting and momentous questions for  
which the heart of humanity is waiting the reply;  
while the positive philosophers not only tell us that  
they have no reply, but intimate further to us that  
a reply we shall never get. Yes, audacious we have  
said; for they 'build on their denials, and call  
them discoveries.' Positivists! your classification  
is good, your arrangement natural; but you are  
false to it. Man does advance to positive knowl-  
edge; but what positive knowledge have you? If  
man cuts his cable from the anchor of the Infinite  
and Immortal, what does he, what can he know?  
To every inquiry of faith, they give the  
answer of the glassy or horny eye—they 'dinna  
ken.'  
HEAVEN A SUMMER-LAND.  
CONCEPTIONS OF CHRISTIAN POETS.  
To the mind of a contemplative and imaginative  
Christian, there are times of the day, and seasons  
of the year, which tend to fashion his conception of  
heaven into one of a smiling land, where beauty and  
fragrance forever delight and regale the sense. In  
many passages of his experience, he would speak  
of it as an extended and diversified country, rather  
than as a city, however gorgeous with towers of  
gold, or gates of pearl. Should he happen while in  
devotional mood, to up-turn his eye at mid-day to  
the sun; and should its glory, flashing upon his  
vision, inspire his imagination to conceive the un-  
speakable splendor of heaven, he would not feel  
then to picture it before his mind, as a city whose  
shining is brighter than the sun, whose streets are  
paved with gold, and gleam like transparent glass.  
The radiance of an unclouded noon, when it breaks  
upon the imagination, seldom fails to give it a spiri-  
ted and even martial inspiration; and the mind  
will then be content with no other Heaven, than a  
resplendent capital.  
So, too, on a wintry day, when the green which  
the eye loves has faded from the fields, and the  
trees are bare of leaves, the Christian will think of  
Heaven as the city of a King. Nothing but a deso-  
lation is in the barren landscape, and the mind will  
seek to relieve itself from the scene, by drawing  
pictures of brilliant streets, and happy golden dwell-  
ings.  
But at the close of some sweet fair day, when the  
clouds that gather round the sun, to bid him their  
last farewell, wear a thousand beautiful tints, and  
change their shapes and hues at every glance of  
the eye—should the Christian, in devotional repose  
of mind, look upon the scene, he would see Heav-  
en, not as a city, but as an enchanting landscape  
beyond and above the western horizon, adorned  
with beauty, perfect and unblemished, of which  
earth has seen but a single fading tint.  
So, also, in the opening of Spring and Summer,  
when the face of nature, long gloomy and sad, is rosy  
with smiles, when birds sing in groves of fresh-  
est green, and flowers unfold their colors and shed  
their fragrance in the air,—the Christian, in con-  
templating Heaven, will desire to see no gilded bat-  
lements or castles; no throne or watch-towers, no  
temples or glittering highways; but as far beyond  
the azure arch as he can project his sight, he will  
view Heaven as a boundless plain of matchless  
charms, impressing him with reverence and humil-  
ity to behold.  
Christian poets, in their sacred lyrics, have not  
failed to picture Heaven as a sunny land.  
"Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene  
That rushes to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight!"  
Dr. Watts—the second "sweet singer of Israel"—  
embodies the idea of a country in his familiar hymn  
beginning with the beautiful and mellow line—  
"There is a land of pure delight."  
Perpetual spring crowns the hills, and flowers bloom  
which never fade. No Christian, sensitive to the  
delicate beauty of a flower, will believe there are  
no gardens, in Heaven. The Creator is a lover of  
flowers; and if he has decked the earth with such  
mementos of his skill and taste, would he not have  
fringed the scenery of Heaven with others fairer  
still?  
"There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers."  
Old Spencer, the author of the "Fairy Queen,"  
says of the ministering angels which are sent to vi-  
sit us,  
"How do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us, who succour want?"  
Another poet, whose hymns are sung on Sabbath  
days by multitudes of Christian worshippers, has  
said, in well remembered words,  
"There, sweeter bowers than Eden's bloom."  
But Heaven is not only an illimitable garden of  
flowers; it is also  
"A land where fruits immortal grow."  
Whatever luxuriance there may be in the tropics of  
the earth, the lavish profusion there displayed is  
only barrenness, compared with the richer stores  
that are gathered in Heaven. Moreover, eternity  
alone measures the season of the harvest. Ever-  
lasting is the ripeness of every fruit, and fragrance  
of every flower. There the olive will always grow,  
the fig-tree put forth her leaves, the vine flourish.  
The luscious fruits will be plucked and eaten; and  
there will be no surfeit of appetite.  
How often the Christian, weary of this world,  
yearns for such a country! Indeed but few, even  
among those who have no inheritance there, would  
not, if they were told that by wishing they could  
possess it, picture such a region for their final, hap-  
piest home. Even a child, who had been told of  
Heaven, inquired with beautiful simplicity,—  
"Is it where the flower of the orange blows,  
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,  
And the fig grows ripe under sunny skies?"  
"Is it far away, in some region old,  
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?"  
Trees, too, whose foliage is green with the verdure  
of eternal spring—  
"Rear their heads and clap their hands."  
Groves of palm trees are there, in whose shade  
the saints repose, to recount their toils and triumphs,  
while they hold in their hands fresh branches broken  
from the boughs above them. We believe  
that the Saviour, while on earth, loved the palms  
of Palestine, and often gathered his disciples in  
their cool shelter; we would not be persuaded that  
he has left the upper Holy Land unbeautiful by  
palm-trees, royal in stature, and faultless in grace-  
fulness. Who that has read of Lebanon, would  
not wish to see its cedars transplanted to that pur-  
er clime, and growing there in majesty unknown  
on earth. But more precious than all others—  
"The cedar, pine, and everlasting oak."  
is the Tree of Life, standing upon the brink of the  
River, that flows eternally from the throne of the  
Omnipotent. As the excellence of all celestial spir-  
its centres in the perfect and infinite God, so the  
beauty of all celestial vegetation is crowned in this  
Eternal Tree, which the Father has planted with  
his own hand.  
"Fair, distant land! could now our eyes  
But halt thy charms explore—  
How would our spirits long to rise,  
And dwell on earth no more!"  
This is the Paradise to which the Christian is in-  
vited. Toward its borders, he is sojourning.—  
Sometimes he is permitted, while on his way, to see  
it faintly—outspreading beyond him in the distance  
of the future—though, mayhap, a cloud will oftener  
overshadow his vision. Yet, he presses onward—  
needing no compass, as the mariner and prairie-  
traveller require, knowing that a Friend—the  
Friend of all humanity, for He was once a man—is  
walking beside him, and though unseen, is ever  
present. The only comfort of earth that will never  
fail him, is the friendship of this companion.  
His pleasures perish, while he would yet enjoy  
them. But things decaying on every side, excite  
him to seek a crown of happiness that will never  
fade. "Heaven and earth," whispers the heavenly  
voice, "shall pass away; but my word shall not  
pass away." He will at last reach the goodly  
land, and go in to possess it. At every sitting of  
the sun, he is nearer than the last; his song may  
be—  
"I nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home."  
Patient Reader! you are "a pilgrim, seeking a  
country;" stop, and turn your footsteps toward  
this Summer-land. You will find no other realm so  
lovely; none where you will receive so warm a  
welcome. The road that leads to it is narrow, but  
at your humble prayer, you will be guided in it.  
Disappointment, like a precipice and deep abyss,  
abruptly terminate every road that winds another  
way; but this crosses the borders, and leads into  
the heart of Heaven. There you will lay down  
your staff, and be at rest; there you may recline  
your head forever on the bosom of Him who was  
your guide—even Christ!—N. J. Oke.  
[For the Christian Spiritualist.]  
AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.  
Autumn, with its sear and yellow leaf—its mourn-  
ful sombre hue, its fading flowers and golden sun-  
beams in all the magnificence of its passing grand-  
eur, is rapidly moving along the dial-plate of time  
—that great expositor of all terrestrial things, mark-  
ing with unerring precision, in his ceaseless course,  
the season's times and changes.  
Several days since, the summer's fading glory of  
hill-top, field and forest, were for a brief season,  
robed in the garniture of winter, presenting to the  
contemplative mind, a theme for profitable reflec-  
tion, in the unusual commingling of stern winter's  
icy vestments, with the mellow tints and fading  
beauties of mid-autumn—the freshness, beauty and  
vitalizing vigor of summer's life, thus early ex-  
posed in the cold embrace of the opening tomb of  
winter. And so it is of human life, with the ex-  
ception that the blighting tomb towards which it  
is tending with fearful rapidity, knows no times nor  
seasons—  
"—Leaves have their time to fall.  
And flowers to wither in the North wind's breath.  
And stars to set,—but all  
Thou hast to set for thine own, Oh! Death!"  
The reign of winter's death and desolation—the  
tomb that receives the cast-off cerements of the  
mortal form, has not power to hold for a single mo-  
ment—not even for recuperative purposes—the es-  
sential elements and forces that constitute man's  
being. No! Thank God, that amid all the won-  
derful changes and mutations silently going on all  
around, and even within us, not one, nor all com-  
bined, have power to jeopardize for a single mo-  
ment, the eternal existence and individuality of the  
human spirit. Were it otherwise, what a mon-  
strous anomaly would be our fleeting and earnest-  
existence here? As it is, we discover the uses  
and beneficent purposes of life's seemingills; its  
changes and mutations; its storms and sunshine;  
its halcyon spring-time; its summer's maturing  
cares and responsibilities; its fading autumn, and,  
to the external sense, its wintry close; but to the  
Spiritual consciousness its immediate resurrection  
to a more perfected condition where the perennial  
spring of immortal life shall bloom with un fading  
fragrance forevermore. These, the changes and  
vicissitudes of our earthly pilgrimage, are but  
"blessings in disguise"—the necessary discipline of  
the soul's true culture—land-marks along the dusty,  
toll-worn highway of time, in the upward and ete-  
nal destiny and progress of the human soul.  
A. F. M.  
RELIGION IN EVERYTHING.  
There is a religion in everything around us; a  
calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of  
nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is  
a meek and blessed influence, stealing, as it were,  
unaware upon the heart. It comes—it has no ter-  
ror, no bloom in its approaches. It has not to  
rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled, un-  
led by the creeds and unshadowed by the superstitions  
of man. It is fresh from the hands of the Author,  
and glowing from the immediate presence of the  
Great Spirit which pervades and quickens it. It is  
written on the arched sky. It looks out from every  
star. It is among the hills and valleys of the  
earth; where the shrubless mountain top pierces  
the thin atmosphere of eternal winter; or where  
the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong winds  
with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread  
out like a legible language upon the broad face of  
the unsleeping ocean. It is the poetry of Heaven.  
It is this that uplifts the spirit within us, until it is  
tall enough to overlook the shadows of our place of  
probation; which breaks link after link, the chain  
that binds us to mortality; and which opens to im-  
agination a world of Spiritual beauty and holiness.  
—Whittier.